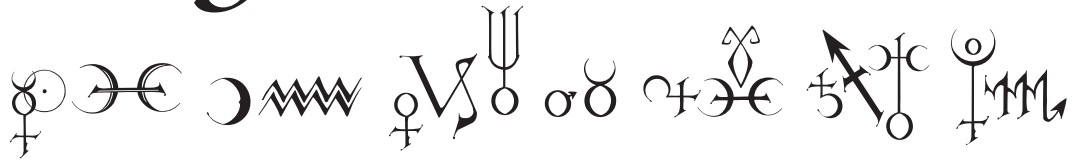




Alynda



The wuthering storm could feel without end,
Wind ripping leaves, branch snapping bends –
Torrents racing down sidewalks, streets,
Lightning, thunder, dogs in retreat.

Artist free, You carry on,
Aware it's morning, well past Dawn –
Utopian World's a Possibility now,
We're hurting over what and how.

Lotus blossom, scent of Zen,
Raindrop Dancer, You again –
Feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless,
Taking responsibility for the climate crisis.

Garden sensibility, a Mind for Immanence,
Love like the Mountains kind of transcendence –
Compassionate, altruistic, Human as can be,
With those goals, like rivers the Sea.